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AND ELSEWHERE
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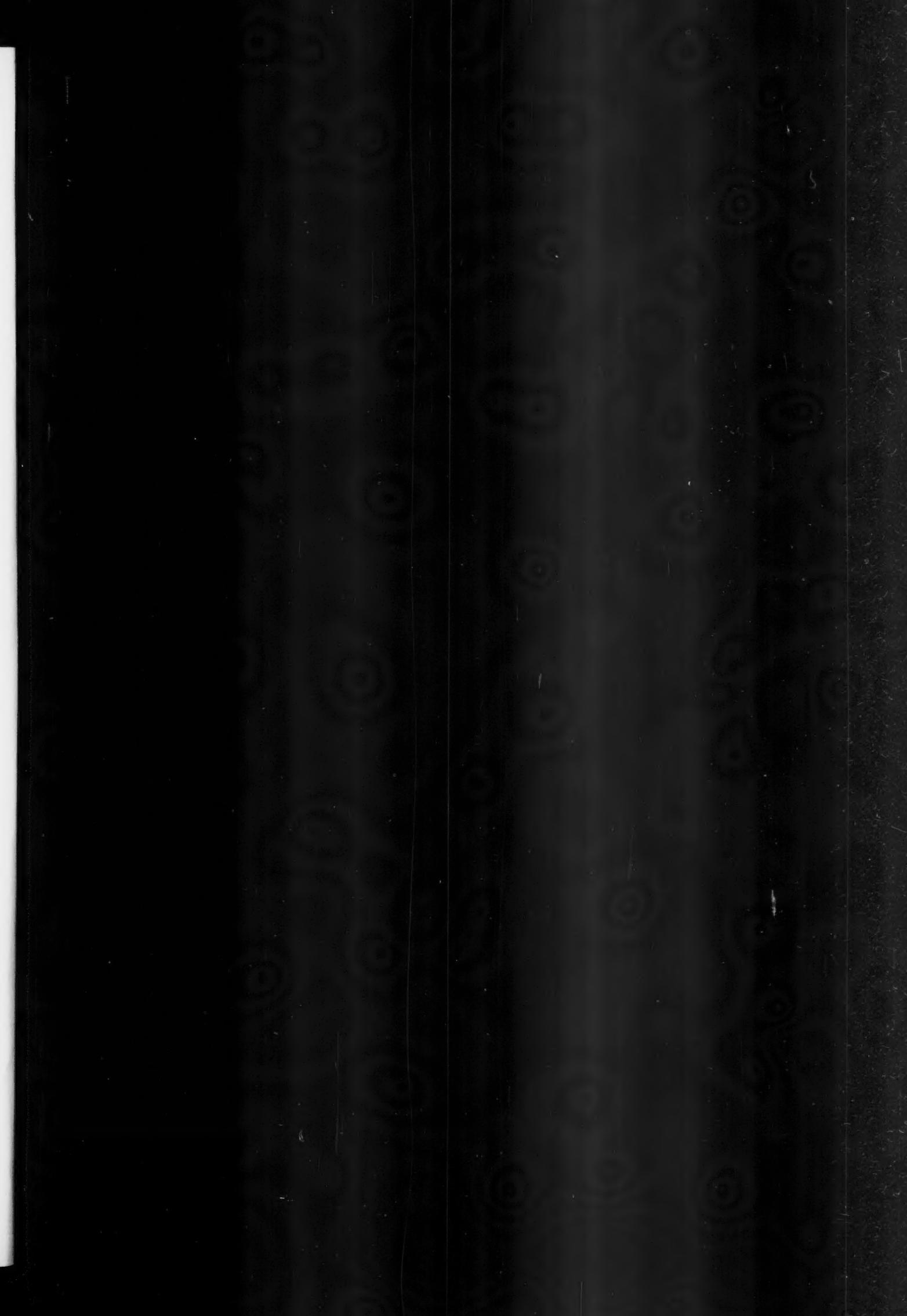
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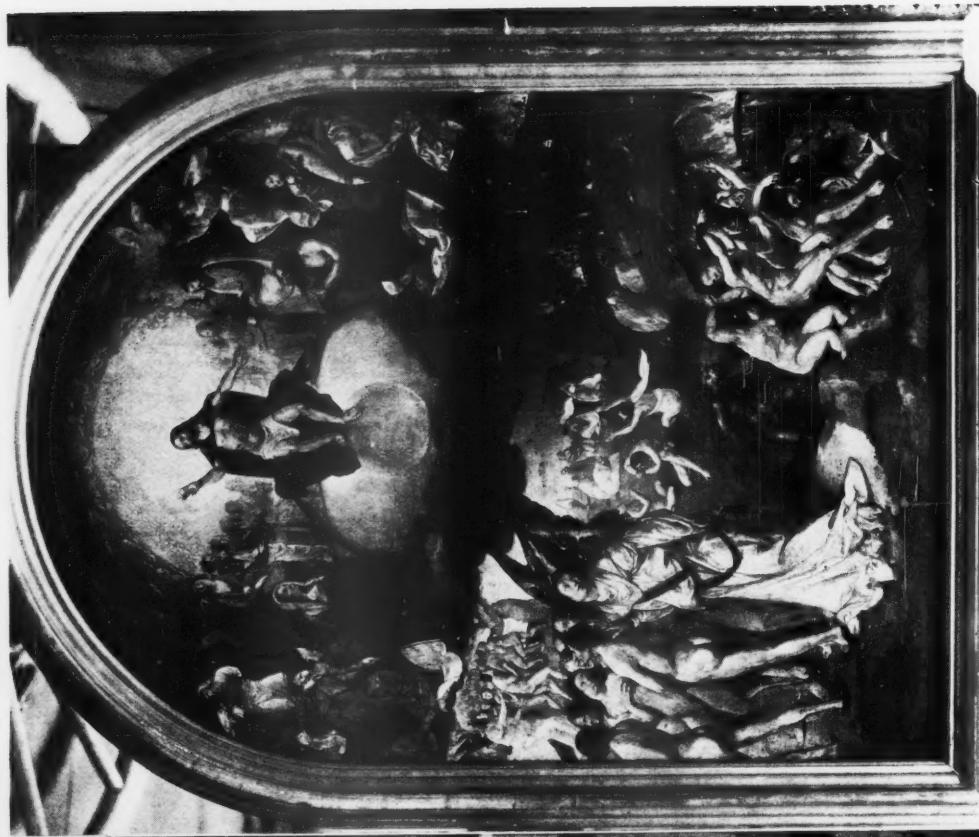
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LAST JUDGMENT. HERE ATTRIBUTED TO AERT CLAESZ VAN LEYDEN.



THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS AND THE SYBIL OF TIBUR.
HERE ATTRIBUTED TO THE MASTER OF THE LEGEND OF ST. MAGDALENE.

New York Historical Society



ART IN AMERICA AND ELSEWHERE
AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
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DUTCH AND FLEMISH PRIMITIVES IN THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

By JULIUS HELD

New York City

AERT CLAESZ. VAN LEYDEN

Although by means of frequent exhibitions and splendid publications the public has become well acquainted with the newer private art collections in the U.S.A., little seems to be known about American art collecting of the 19th Century. But as a matter of fact the collections made by Americans during the past Century are sufficiently interesting to deserve attention. The Historical Society in New York possesses several such collections. Among them those of Thomas J. Bryan and Louis Durr are most important.

Louis Durr was of German birth and descent (born in Karlsruhe 1821). He made his fortune by refining gold and silver. It is not known where he bought his pictures so that we are unable to give any record of their provenance. When he died, in 1880, his collection was left to the His-

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torical Society, of which Durr had been a most interested member. In 1882 the collection was opened to the public.

The paintings had already been exhibited in 1873. In the catalogue of this exhibition we find a "Last Judgment" by Lucas van Leyden (No. 28), painted on wood and measuring $43\frac{1}{2} \times 31\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It is the same picture which today bears the number D-43.¹

The comparatively small picture with its brownish neutral colours is by no means a work of well balanced art. Great gifts for summary, almost placardlike modeling, for distinction of lights and shadows join with an obvious failure concerning proportions and organic construction of bodies. The emaciated figure of the angel, who, while pushing the blessed to their salvation, turns his head with a pitying glance toward the poor condemned, does not seem to be more than a draped puppet. It is impossible to imagine that Lucas van Leyden who from his earliest times knew how to differentiate expertly between the human organism and its draperies should have drawn this figure. On the other hand we would never be able to find in Lucas' entire work such amazing and expressive movements as are shown by some figures in the hell scene. Moreover the composition and the dull, gloomy colours as a whole are incompatible with Lucas' well-known style.

Mentioning our picture, Max J. Friedländer pointed out that it shows a rather striking relationship to the works of C. Engelbrechtsen. There are indeed several types which recall immediately the formula of Engelbrechtsen, and so do some awkward, highly complicated manneristic movements. But just in marking those similarities it is quite obvious that the New York picture is as little the work of Engelbrechtsen as of Lucas. We conclude that it must be by a third master who was strongly influenced by them both and who apparently is to be sought in the school of Leyden.

To this school as we know it from van Mander, belonged several sons of Engelbrechtsen and a rather puzzling figure: Aert Claeszoon van Leyden usually called Aertgen van Leyden. His biography in van Mander's famous book is one of the most detailed, with a considerable number of precise statements. Pictures of Aertgen are mentioned in sale catalogues of the 17th and 18th century but just at the time when an exact art history became developed, his works no longer happened to be found. Of course different attempts were made to connect the distinguished name with anonymous works of art. The most probable of these

¹The painting has since that time been generally accepted as by Lucas van Leyden.

are a painting in the Binder Collection in Berlin and pen drawings in London, Amsterdam, Darmstadt, but even these works cannot be regarded as certain enough to be taken as a proof of any new work of the master.

At the head of our task of proving the "Last Judgment" as an early work of Aertgen van Leyden we can put a sentence that W. Cohen wrote about this artist in Thieme-Beckers Lexikon in 1912: "Man wird nach den von van Mander angegebenen stilistischen Kriterien seine früheren Bilder am ehesten unter den anonymen Schöpfungen suchen dürfen, die zwischen Cornelis Engelbrechtsen und Lukas van Leyden stehen, vielleicht auch unter Werken, die noch heute mit Unrecht dem Lukas zugeschrieben werden". The excellent connoisseur has seldom written a sentence more true than this one. Of what kind are these "stylistic criteria"?

According to van Mander, Aertgen almost never painted profane subjects but always preferred scenes from the old and new testament. "Doch behiel altijt zijn eygenschap te weten, dat zijn dingen wat slordig en onplaysant geschildert stonden: maer seer fraey en geestigh geordneert". . . . Which means, that his pictures were painted in an untidy and unpleasant way, though they were disposed ingeniously. "Men sieter besonder in de groote dingen, lange gestaltenissen der beelden, en somtijds eenighe onmaticheydt in de proportie". In English: "you may see there, especially in his larger works, long figures and sometimes an exaggeration concerning the proportions."—It would be impossible to characterize the Last Judgment in the Historical Society in a more perfect way, than these few lines do. This very kind of dirty colouring, plainly justifying the expression slordig (which by the way was corrected from the meaningless reading stortigh) is especially significant of the New York panel.

There are still more correspondences between van Mander's biography and the "Last Judgment". We have seen that the picture has a remarkable relationship to Cornelis Engelbrechtsen. Now, van Mander tells us that Aertgen, born in 1498, went to Engelbrechtsen's atelier as a pupil in 1516. "Sijn eerste wijse van teyckeninghe was seer op de manier van zijn meester Cornelis Enghelbrechtsoon". "His first manner of drawing was very similar to that of his master Engelbrechtsen". Supposing that our picture belongs to this early Engelbrechtsen-period of Aertgen, we would have to date it at about 1525-1530, which agrees with the general stylistic character of the painting.

Reading van Mander further, we find the interesting fact, that he himself knew a representation of the "Last Judgment" by Aertgen;

"Daer is oock ten huyse van Jan Diricksz. van Montfoort een Tafel, wesende het uiterste Oordeel: op de deurkens comen de conterfeytseelen van Dirick Jacopsz. van Montfoort". "There is also in the house of Jan Diricksz. van Montfoort a panel, representing the Last Judgment; on the wings are to be seen the portraits of Dirick Jacopsz. van Montfoort (and his family)".

The picture van Mander saw was a triptych with the portraits of donors on the wings. The New York panel has no longer any wings, but it obviously has no portraits of donors either. If at any time it had donor portraits, they must have been on wings, which have been lost. The identification could be confirmed moreover by van Mander's expression "deurkens"—small wings, which indicates that the size of the Montfoort panel was not very large and therefore fits in well with the painting in the Durr collection.²

Thus if our opinion is right, the "Last Judgment" represents a work of Aertgen van Leyden done in an early period of his life. When he painted the picture, the artist may have been about 25 years of age or probably somewhat older. Now, observing the painting attentively, we find an interesting, highly individual face in the group of the damned (Pl.B.). It represents a youthful man, looking out of the picture in a way usually found in self-portraits. There is without doubt a remarkable difference between this head and all other surrounding faces. Could it be a self-portrait of Aertgen? We are lucky enough to possess a portrait of the artist in an engraving by Jan Suyderhoef, copied from a self-portrait of the master. It represents (Fig. 1) the Leyden painter as an elderly man and with life-worn features. Comparing it with our supposed self-portrait, however, we can hardly deny a strong resemblance between them. We recognize (reproducing the engraving in reverse) the same curved nose, a similar mouth and the compact stout chin. There certainly is a great difference in age, which also favors our hypothesis.

It could be regarded as strange that a painter should place himself amongst the damned. But in the case of Aertgen in particular this fact answers entirely the description of the painter's character as van Mander

²The identification of our picture with the one van Mander saw still remains a hypothesis. There is one difficulty, which though it does not contradict our assumption, at least has to be mentioned. Dirck Jacopsz. van Montfoort, who according to van Mander was depicted on the wings, was born in 1510. (I owe this information to Mr. J. W. Verburgh, Leiden). He was, by the way, the son of Jacob Florisz. van Montfoort, the donor of Lucas van Leyden's "Healing of the Blind" from 1531, now in Leningrad. It seems improbable, that Dirck Jacopsz should have ordered an altarpiece earlier than about 1535. If he really was the donor, the picture certainly was not painted before the fifteen thirties. Yet, since van Mander actually does not say, that he was the donor, there still is a possibility, that the wings were added later. However it seems to us superfluous to lay too great stress upon this question, which cannot be answered so long as the wings remain unknown. It is after all of little importance in reaching a conclusion as to the authorship of the painting.



DETAIL OF LAST JUDGMENT
WITH THE SELF PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

FIG. 1. SUYDERHOEF'S ENGRAVED PORTRAIT
OF AERT CLAESZ VAN LEYDEN

DETAIL OF LAST JUDGMENT



gave it. "Hy was van natueren seer bloe, weynigh van sich self, maer veel van ander houdende". "He was of bashful nature, not thinking much of himself and placing others on a higher plane". Reading all the anecdotes, that van Mander gives of Aertgen's temperamental makeup we cannot avoid the impression that he was afflicted (as many artists were) with an inferiority complex, inducing him to this very representation of himself which is more connected with medieval attitudes than with the self-confidence of an artist of the Renaissance.

After all, one seems entitled to regard the "Last Judgment" as the only picture by Aertgen which is sufficiently verified in regard to its genuineness. It can be used as a starting point for further attributions. As for the group of attributed works, mentioned in the beginning, it evidently confirms their authenticity. The "Death of the Virgin" in the Collection Binder in Berlin for instance, (reproduced in "Archiv für Kunstgeschichte," Vol. 1) agrees quite well with our picture, taking it to be a work of a considerable later period of the artist's life. As a matter of fact it shows the same scale of achromatic colours, a similar predilection for spherical heads and a peculiar manner of turning them (Plate D). One may even recognize the beautiful, light-filled cupola behind Christ in the "Last Judgment" as the germ cell of the atmospheric high choir in the "Death of the Virgin".

There is without doubt a resemblance between Aertgen's picture and Lucas van Leyden's famous "Last Judgment" in the "Lakenhal"—Museum in Leyden. We observe similarities in composition as well as in iconographic details. It would be therefore very interesting to know, which one of the panels was painted first. Lucas was requested to paint his picture late in 1526. Thus, there exists a slight possibility that Aertgen's picture was already finished at that time, and that he was the one who influenced the older and more famous master. But even if Aertgen's work should have been painted later and if he was stimulated by Lucas,³ there still remains enough originality to give him a prominent place in his period. No painter before had ever used such a consequent tonality and no one had dared to allot to achromatic light such a predominant rôle in the modeling of figures. Aertgen van Leyden thus touches upon problems which lead straight to the Dutch art of the 17th Century.

THREE ANONYMOUS FLEMISH MASTERS.

Most of the paintings in the Historical Society come from the Collection of Thomas J. Bryan. Bryan was a native American, son of a wealthy Phila-

³According to van Mander, Aertgen successively adopted the style of Engelbrechtsen, Scorel and Heemskerck being therefore easily impressed by other artists' works.

adelphia gentleman and grandchild of a close friend of Benjamin Franklin. We get a vivid impression of his life and character from the dignified "Proceedings of the New York Historical Society on the Announcement of the Death of Th. J. Bryan" 1870, as well as from Richard Grant White's "Preface" to the catalogue of the Bryan Gallery (1853). His attitude towards art must have been characterized by the genuine enthusiasm of the amateur who collects objects not for their financial value but for their aesthetic qualities. Personally accompanying new acquisitions destined for his gallery, he died on the return journey from Europe, on board the French steamship *Lafayette*.

In her summary article on the primitives in the Bryan Collection⁴ Miss Helen Comstock rightly said that Bryan's pictures attract the visitor by their beauty and their preservation, although many attributions may not be maintained. That comment certainly applies to three paintings which are more or less unknown to most of the art critics, although—or probably because—they are connected with names like Dürer and Schongauer. In fact, such attributions generally are very unfortunate, because, once conscious of their incorrectness, the visitor loses all interest in the paintings themselves,—as was plainly the case with the examples in question.

The first painting (wood, 43 x 32 inches; in the catalogue of the Historical Society as "Adoration" by Martin Schon represents the Sybil of Tibur and the Emperor Augustus, in the center of a landscape, with several attending figures at the right and the left (Plate E). According to the catalogue of 1853, the picture was bought from the collection of the General d'Espinoy.

The composition reveals a close relationship to the same representation on Roger's Bladelin altar at the Deutsches Museum, Berlin. The gesture of the Sybil, the attitude and the type of the old emperor and even details like two heads of the group of men at the right are certainly derived directly from the Berlin wing. Among the differences we note especially the substitution of the landscape for the bedroom. It is, as far as I know, the only example in which this scene occurs in a landscape; contemporaneous painters like the Master of the Holy Blood and an Antwerp mannerist of about 1515 choose an open place in an antique city. It is indeed the landscape in the picture of the Historical Society which gives the best clue to the correct attribution. The heavy, straight tree trunks covered with climbing plants and with a flat, plain, decorative foliage act exactly as hallmarks of the so called

⁴The International Studio, 2, 1926, pg. 27.

Master of the Legend of St. Magdalene. Beside the landscape, the somewhat blank faces with dark eyes and the roundly padded modeling of the bodies, moving with affectation, are characteristics of his art.

The oeuvre of this master is very large and has not, up to this time, been collated⁵. He takes his name from a series of scenes of the Legend of St. Magdalene, of which parts have been preserved in Budapest, Copenhagen, Philadelphia, Schwerin and in the former Figgdor collection of Vienna. He probably was working in Brussels and Max J. Friedländer has suggested identifying him with Pieter van Coninxloo, painter of the court and head of the Brussels school before B. van Orley's appearance. The relationship which we have found to Roger van der Weyden, affirms the attribution insofar as the Master of the Legend of St. Magdalene probably studied in the sphere of the Master of the Legend of Joseph and the Master "mit dem gestickten Laub" who in their turn seem to have been direct pupils of Roger.

The two other pictures have been even more pretentiously attributed, to "A. Dürer" and "School of A. Dürer", although they exhibit not the slightest relationship to the German genius except for the famous Dürer monogram which is placed, in a rather awkward manner, in one of them. This painting represents St. George, slaying the dragon, in the midst of a luxurious landscape. The princess appears in the background at the right. (Plate F; the picture is on wood and measures 16½x 13 inches). In his eighth volume of the "Altniederländische Malerei" Max J. Friedländer mentioned this painting as an early work of Jan Gossart, noticing especially the folds of St. George's dress. Admitting this relationship, it seems to me that no other part of the picture has any similarity to Gossart's works, but differs widely in a general lack of sharpness of drawing and plastic values of construction. We miss the metallic force of Gossart's outlines, in the figures as well as in the landscape. It is superfluous to make further comparisons, since a better attribution is easily found. If we compare the small panel in the Historic Society with the little altar of the Adoration of the Magi in Antwerp by an unknown mannerist (whom Friedländer has named the "Master of the Antwerp Adoration" after this very picture) we see a resemblance which can be explained only by the assumption that the authors are identical. The Antwerp triptych contains the same scene, though on a very small wing (Friedländer XI, Pl. XXV). Not only details like the type of the dragon, the curved feathers, the foliage of the tree,

⁵Two fine wings, belonging to the Friedsam collection, were published by F. J. Mather Jr. in "Art in America" 1917.

the lights on the armor, but also all the elegance of movement and the general abundance of decorative forms are similar in the two pictures. The confusion of Gossart with one of the Antwerp mannerists is understandable since Friedländer himself has pointed out that young Gossart must be regarded as one of the important factors in the development of this Antwerp school. The painting in the Bryan collection corroborates this theory.

The remaining picture, strangely enough entitled "Triumph of Christianity" (Bryan 200; wood, 26½ x 38 inches—Plate G) represents the Virgin resting during her flight into Egypt, while Joseph, assisted by two angels, gathers nuts. In the foreground, another angel, standing to the left, gracefully presents a tray with apples and pears to the seated Virgin. It is a lovely, poetical work, whose bright colours—unlike those of the St. George—are not hidden by a yellow varnish. Mary wears a red robe with sleeves of dark blue velvet. The garment of the angel shows a fine play of blue and yellow with red velvet sleeves. Red, brightened however through the distance, is also the colour of Joseph's fluttering cloak⁶. All these colours are backed by the rich green of a beautiful landscape. There, far behind at the left, the painter added a scene which represents a comparatively unknown part of the narrative. According to the Apocrypha, the holy family had passed a man, sowing wheat which grew during the same night. When the pursuers came to ask him about the fugitives, he told them, as Mary had advised, that the family had passed just when he was about to sow. So the cavalcade abandoned the hope to meet them any more.

The landscape and the conception of the narrative as well as the general composition are closely related to those of J. Patinir. Yet there certainly are differences in style. The trees, the plants, even the rocks are more schematic than those of Patinir, the figures on the other hand more elegant and stylish. These distinctions are characteristics of the work of the Antwerp Master of 1518, so called on account of a date on the huge altarpiece in Lübeck. It is sufficient to compare the type of the angel or of Mary with some of his well-known female types,—with, for instance, the Brussels Magdalene (reproduced in Friedländer's work Vol. XI., Pl. XXXVIII),—or to compare the tree right beside the Virgin with the solitary one on the other wing of the same Brussels altar,—or—for the narrative of the Joseph scene—with the rendering of the same story on the Stroganoff-picture (Friedländer Pl. XXXIX). But even

⁶It is quite amusing to observe that the posture of this figure is clearly derived from a very noble prototype, Roger van der Weyden's St. John under the Cross, as he appears for instance in the Vienna triptyque. Prof. E. Panofsky has drawn my attention to this fact.



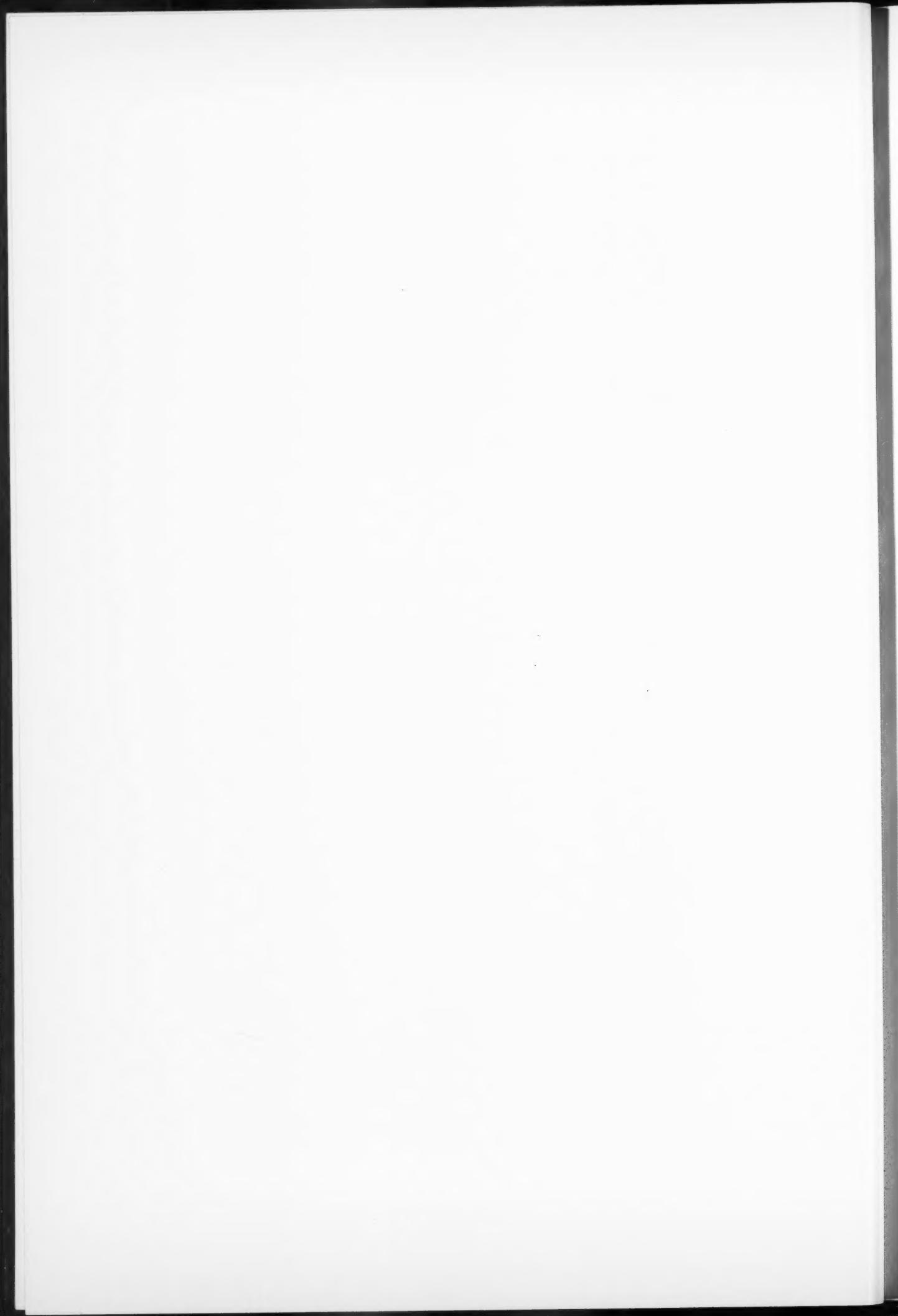
THE REST DURING THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.
HERE ATTRIBUTED TO THE MASTER OF 1518.

New York Historical Society

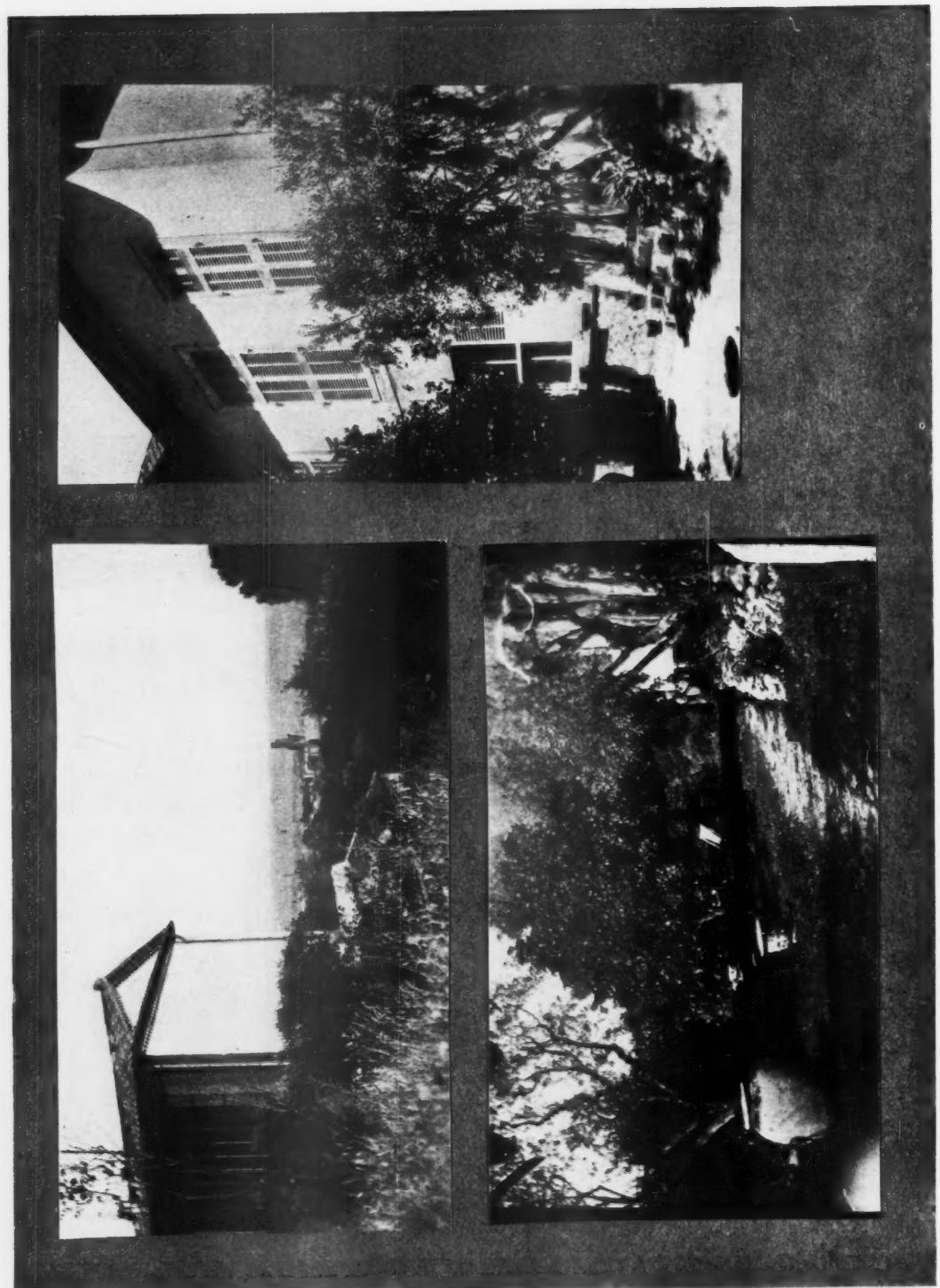


ST. GEORGE. HERE ATTRIBUTED TO THE MASTER
OF THE ANTWERP ADORATION.

New York Historical Society



ENTRANCE TO CEZANNE'S STUDIO



THE PAVILLON CEZANNE. NORTH STUDIO WINDOW
IN CEZANNE'S GARDEN

more important than these detailed comparisons, which could be endlessly augmented, is the fact that the painting as a whole shows the same spirit of refinement and affectation, which is a particular quality of the Master of 1518. No other of the Antwerp mannerists was ever so close to the elegant decadence of the Master of the Female Half-length Figures as this anonymous painter of the Bryan panel.

Beside these three paintings and the Last Judgment by Aertgen, the Museum of the Historical Society contains other Flemish and Dutch primitives. There is an Adoration of the Magi (D-39) by an artist who was very close to Jacob Cornelisz. van Oostzanen. There are further a small triptych by Aelbert Bouts and a "Virgo inter virgines" by Isenbrandt, both cited in Friedländer's lists. The problematic early Crucifixion, though generally accepted as by the school of Cologne, at least is closely related to the Flemish school. Altogether, the collection deserves to be considered one of the most important representations of the early Netherlandish schools in this country and these notes it is hoped will contribute to a more general and widespread appreciation of it.

A STUDIO PILGRIMAGE IN PROVENCE

By JULIA DEWOLF ADDISON

Brookline, Mass.

While spending the winter in Provence, we decided to visit the studios of Césanne and Renoir, which are both situated in that part of the world.

We made a pilgrimage to Aix to see the little building erected by Césanne, known now as the Pavillon Césanne. It is plain, uncompromising, and rather ugly; built only as a shell in which the art of the master was to be practised. One great window occupies the whole north side.

As we approached the studio we noticed that all the blinds were closed, and it looked rather deserted. There was no answer to the bell when we rang for admission, and we began to fear that we should not get inside the walled garden in which the studio stands. Some peasants went by, and we asked them how one got in. They answered that it was "fermée" and that no-one could "visite."

To the ordinary sight-seer this might have sounded conclusive; but not so to us. We have had a long experience in visiting closed spots of interest, so we waited for the next person to come down the road. We received the same answer; then we drove round an enclosure, and looked over the wall at the other side. Here we noted that one window

was open. That was encouraging. There must be some human agency to account for that window; some person must be in the house, and there would soon be more, unless we were much mistaken.

Our next informant remarked, "Yes—it was closed to visitors, but Americans were living there." That was enough for us. We knew our country-men, and were sure that the Americans would be admitted when they proved that they were on a genuine pilgrimage for art's sake.

So we knocked loudly on the outer gate. The bell evidently no longer functioned.

Presently a lady appeared and we asked if it were possible to see the studio. She was cordial and trustful, and admitted us at once; she proved to be the wife of an American artist, who had rented the studio of Césanne in order to paint in the neighborhood. They had been there over a year.

We entered the garden. It was picturesque, with Césanne's favorite olive tree, protected by a rocky base, standing by the entrance door. At the side of the door is a marble tablet, bearing the following legend:

"Cet atelier fut élève par Paul Césanne. Il y travaillait jusqu' à son dernier jour. A Paul Césanne Le Pays d'Aix et le Provence, Société Paul Césanne, MCCXXV."

The amiable lady who admitted us said that her husband had been painting all about the country-side, but that they were leaving in a few weeks to return to America, and the studio would then be vacant. What an opportunity for some other artist!

We mounted the stairs and found ourselves in the great bare room in which poor Césanne toiled so industriously to produce—what? Theories and ideas, anyway, which will help the art of the future. Pictures? A matter of opinion. A few real ones, and many efforts, inchoate and unformed—not sufficient to account for his reputation. There was a great loneliness in this vast apartment, with one whole side composed of a north window, and the other side with three windows opening upon an enchanting view over Aix and the surrounding hills. These windows are usually kept closely shuttered while the studio is in use, so the lights may not be confused.

There was hardly any furniture in the room. Just a great useful table, several easels, and chairs, and across the room a large broad shelf, on which stand the familiar bits of still life which appear frequently in Césanne's pictures. A tall bottle encased in wicker, and a blue and white ginger-jar, and other pieces of homely bric-à-brac such as he enjoyed portraying "because they kept still." There is also a little plaster figure

of Eros, which was another favorite model in the still life group. These artists who have had the studio have taken pleasure in keeping it exactly as they found it, as Césanne left it, in fact, for he worked in the room until the day of his death. After that, it was locked up and deserted for ten years, untouched.

There is a living-room on the ground floor, and a bed-room: these rooms are properly furnished. There is a kitchen, and, leading off from the studio, a tiny room for storing canvasses, etc. That is absolutely all. The Pavillon is just the practical workshop of the genuine worker. The studio has no embellishments. A few prints are pinned on the walls, but otherwise it is barren.

Césanne's first lessons in art were from a Spanish monk, and when he brought home from school a prize for drawing, his father exclaimed, "Child! Child! Think of the future! The genius starves; one eats with money!" Paul honestly tried to please his father by going into the banking business, but he soon abandoned this, and devoted himself to art. He advanced tremendous theories, and based his arguments upon such men as Veronese, Rubens, and Rembrandt. He was constantly copying in the Louvre, and adored Courbet and Chardin.

It is difficult to say just where his power lay. He was a great personality. Evidently he was absolutely sincere, but he never achieved power of expression. He was conspicuous and masterful in youth, and convinced his friends and followers that he was a great painter. It is hardly fair to judge of Césanne's accomplishments by many of the pictures attributed to him, for he had the habit of throwing away unsuccessful sketches in the open fields rather than take the trouble to carry them home, and enthusiasts picked them up and sold them later as approved work.

A rather cruel critic of Césanne is Royal Cortissoz, who calls him "commonplace and mediocre", adding, "If the reader finds those terms harsh, let him look at the works of Césanne with an open mind, and see what they have to offer to the imagination."

People question: how does Césanne differ from all the other "flat painters of the so-called moderns?" With a romantic environment and an electric and dominating personality, he was an exotic figure bound to excite remark, evidently replete with charm to those who knew him personally. His friends and admirers raised him to such a pinnacle that others crowded about to seek for an explanation. Even across the ocean his fame spread; and here you have the nucleus of a cult.

As an old man, Césanne was regarded by the populace of Aix as unbalanced. He grew shy and conscious, avoiding people in the streets, and dressed carelessly. On Sundays he went regularly to Mass and vespers in order to sit before the great painting by Nicolas Froment, King René's favorite artist. At the outer doors, crowds of beggars waited, for they knew that they would all receive small coins from the aged painter.

A little later we motored to Cagnes, to see the studio of Renoir. What a contrast to that of Césanne! At the top of an interminable, steep, rocky road, we passed through a majestic gateway to vast, park-like grounds, in which the palatial house stands on a stately terrace, approached by stone steps, and with an acre of rose-bushes in front of it. The roses were in bloom, and the foliage was of that rich red type so loved by Renoir. There is a grove of large gnarled olives, and a little blue-green forest beyond, as well as a formal row of orange trees on the terrace immediately in front of the house. Before entering the house, we surveyed the grounds, and recognized many of the peculiar trees which the artist constantly painted—a strange combination of veridian and carmine, the red trees being very decorative and unusual. It is evident that Renoir did much work on his own premises, and his color-schemes are explained when one stands on the terrace at Cagnes.

There is one trying note in the landscape. Renoir seems to have been a sculptor of no mean ability, and he has employed this art to portray the familiar nude figure of Gabrielle, the strangely selected model who appears in nearly all his figure pieces, and this awkward, stumpy figure stands in front of his house, as if to say, "You can't get away from me if you are going to study Renoir!"

We proceeded inside and were conducted to the studio. The house is occupied, and has evidently been done over and changed, but the studio remains, it is claimed, in its original condition. The walls are an uninteresting buff, and are hung with several of his studies; there are no really important examples of his painting, but some good bits of still-life, and a few heads. The colors in these sketches are rich and warm, with the scintillating, jewelled quality of the master's work, but the subjects are not of capital interest. The studio is not a large one.

The woman who accompanied us about seemed to have known Renoir in earlier days, and I asked her why Renoir had chosen the ungraceful Gabrielle as his principal model. She replied, "M. Renoir lived here in Cagnes, and there are not many women in a town like this who would care to pose without clothing: he had to take one who was not afraid

of public opinion in acting as an artist's model." But I fancy this was just the theory of this particular woman, and not the real explanation. Renoir himself has gone on record as saying that Gabrielle (who was a servant in the house) had the most beautiful skin he had ever seen, and that the surface of her body took the light in a most enchanting way. Judging from his paintings, however, the texture of this delightful skin must have been much like varnished celluloid. As you will have detected, I do not admire the nudes of Renoir, but that is no criticism of his other work, for he was a marvellous colorist, and in landscape he had achieved a technique difficult to surpass.

It is a striking fact that in the cases of both Césanne and Renoir, their environments explain certain eccentricities of color and form in their works.

One fancies that the deep rose colored earth in Césanne's landscapes is an exaggeration, until one visits the spots where he worked. His favorite Mt. Victoire is actually a pink mountain, the earth in that vicinity being full of the mineral from which aluminum is made. It is of that rare soft red which prevails in the paintings of Césanne, and is not the regular terra cotta of most of the red earths that one sees elsewhere.

Then again, in the foliage of Renoir, one might suppose the greens and reds too pronounced, until one realized the predominance of these tones in his own park. He believed in an essentially cheerful mission for art. He said: "A picture should be a pleasant object to look at—joyous and beautiful. There are enough hideous things in the world without the painter deliberately portraying them."

It seems to me that his feeling for color was far better than his sense of beauty in line and silhouette. He has done much that is ugly in form, though glowing like jewels in tone.

He was often sarcastic, especially after his eyesight began to fail. One day he could not find any yellow paint in his box. "Very well," he observed. "I will use ivory black instead. The critics will think it is my new interpretation of light, and will write treatises upon this innovation."

Both of these men were eccentric, original, creative, and conspicuous among their associates. Zola said: "One must be a great man in order to be a great painter."



DRAWING OF WASHINGTON IN
FRASER'S SKETCH BOOK, MADE WHEN
HE WAS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

CHARLES FRASER

BY ALICE R. HUGER SMITH
Charleston, South Carolina

In May, 1796, Charles Fraser, then a lad of fourteen, started a sketch book, and began it with two ink-drawings that show the tendencies of his mind very clearly—tendencies which his life fully developed.

On the first page he drew a rock on which was cut a medallion of the head of Washington. The customary Greek-clad woman held a scroll marked "Liberty", and below was the verse:

"This man when earth's foundation shakes
When Universal Nature quakes
Shall mount on rapturous wing away
To Regions of Eternal Day."

To the drawing on the second page is added the hopeful motto:
"E'en Raphael self from rude essays began."

In the boy's life Raphael was a wonderful dream, placed with Washington—a beloved and admired personality. Exactly five years before, in May 1791, Washington had come to Charleston when Fraser was but

nine years old. The latter says in his *Reminiscences*¹: "Amidst every recollection that I have of that imposing occasion, the most prominent is that of the great man, as he stood upon the steps of the Exchange, uncovered, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the citizens."

Throughout Fraser's life he never lost his admiration for the men who fought the great war for Independence, and built up from a Colony, ruined and devastated by its struggles and sacrifices, a great and prosperous State. To quote him again: "from being loyal subjects they had become a sovereign people with all the obligations of providing for self-government." He painted them with a sympathy and understanding of their lives that lifts his miniatures far above being a presentation of their features, or an example of his own technical skill.

Again and again in his "Reminiscences"¹ he alludes to the achievements and characters of that generation of men, again and again he shows a longing for artistic knowledge—so we are quite ready to accept the youthful dedication of his sketch book to Washington and Raphael.

On the other hand, it was rather refreshing to see, among certain personal mementoes, at the late exhibition of his work at the Gibbes Gallery, a bill for one term's schooling in which the items for books and tuition were mingled with sundry mentions of shillings "for windows broke." History and Art are both compelling, but the excitements of school boy life are not to be neglected.

With this touch of nature in our minds, his miniatures of two boys appeal to us—either one is quite capable of study or mischief.

The younger is of a bright and charming child with brown eyes and curls, and a gay, red-striped blouse with red buttons, against a cloudy blue sky. It is one of Fraser's later miniatures, having been painted in 1846, of Cleland Huger, aged four. He was the son of Col. Cleland K. Huger, at one time in command of Battery Wagner on Morris Island, noted for its siege and obstinate defence during the Civil War. After a cheerful boyhood in Charleston and on the family plantations, he enlisted at eighteen, like most of his friends, as a private in the Confederate Army—which he did not like much, because, as he says in a letter to a still younger friend, a private's life is "not to think but to obey." However, he adds, "we are contributing our mite to protect our families and all that is sacred to us." In the early winter of 1863, his command being encamped in quiet inaction, he put in every spare moment in studying for a commission, and in October was appointed Lieutenant in the 1st

¹Charles Fraser: *Reminiscences of Charleston*, lately published in the *Charleston Courier*, and now revised and enlarged by the author. Octavo. Charleston. John Russell. 1854.

Regular So. Ca. Artillery, so he had his wish before he died a month or two later.

The other cheery lad, "Master O'Brien McPherson, 1823"—No. 215 of the "Fraser Gallery" of 1857, was a son of Col. James Elliott McPherson, for many years President of the South Carolina Jockey Club. The interesting and amusing volume by John B. Irving, "The History of the Turf in South Carolina" during a period of one hundred and twenty-two years, was published in 1857, the same year, by-the-way, that the Fraser Gallery was held.

The pre-revolutionary period having been described, Irving begins the next chapter: "The war being over, and peace duly declared, not only a new era for politics commenced, and a new method of thinking had arisen, but a new and more vigorous impulse was given to the sports of the turf. Of the gentlemen of South Carolina who went upon the Turf, after the Revolution, we refer with pride to the spotless names of General Hampton, Colonel Alston, Colonel Washington (Wm.), Colonel McPherson," and some forty-five others among whom is Capt. O'Brien Smith (after whom the subject of the miniature was named).

To continue from the account of the Annual Race Week: "Whether we consider the elevated character of the gentlemen of the Turf, the attraction that the races possessed at that time, and for many subsequent years 'for all sorts and conditions of men'—youth anticipating its delights for weeks beforehand—the sternness of age relaxing by their approach—lovers becoming more ardent, and young damsels setting their caps with greater taste and dexterity—the quality of the company in attendance—the splendid equipages—the liveried outriders that were to be seen daily on the Course—the gentlemen attending the races in fashionable—London-made clothes—buckskin breeches and top-boots—the universal interest pervading all classes from the judge upon the bench to the little schoolboy with his satchel on his back—the kind greetings of the town and country—the happy meetings of old friends whose residences were at a distance, affording occasions of happy intercourse and festivity—the marked absence of all care, except the care of the horses—the total disregard of the value of time, except by the competitors in the races, who did their best to save and economize it—every thing combined to render race-week in Charleston emphatically the carnival of the State, when it was unpopular, if not impossible to be out of spirits, and not to mingle with the gay throng.

"The best idea we can give of the moral influence of race-week (as exerted formerly) is to state that the courts of justice used daily to ad-



NATHANIEL RUSSELL

JUDGE THOMAS WATIES

MRS. ELNATHAN HASKELL

MRS. JOHN LA BRUCE

REV. ALEXANDER GLENNIE

MINIATURES BY CHARLES FRASER



journ, and all the schools were regularly let out, as the hour for starting the horses drew near; with one consent, the stores in Broad and King Streets were closed—all business being suspended on the joyous occasion, the feelings of the good people partaking of the rapidity of the races themselves—in fact it was no uncommon sight to see the most venerable and distinguished dignitaries of the land, clergymen and judges, side by side on the Course, taking a deep interest in the animated and animating scene around them!

“With such a stimulus to propriety and the preservation of good morals, no wonder that order and sobriety, and good fellowship prevailed as abundantly as they did in those days!”

It is certain that Master McPherson had a good time at the races—those eyes never missed anything of interest. A miniature of his father, Col. McPherson, was also painted by Fraser, in 1818, the first year that the latter painted professionally, and is listed in the Fraser Gallery as No. 214.

A very different temperament and treatment are shown in the miniature of a rather older youth, Lawrence Augustus Edmondston. A charming piece of work both in handling and colour, it is not only delightful to look at but delightful to remember. It is No. 98 of the Fraser Gallery, and is there dated 1830. That Catalogue is not always correct in its information, but it is, nevertheless of great help and value in tracing Fraser’s work. This miniature is signed C. Fraser along the left edge. The long, pale face of the young man is thoughtful and very attractive, his auburn hair and brown eyes giving the keynote to the cream colour of his nankeen coat. The black tie is a strong note, and the little oblong pin another. This is one of the miniatures in which Fraser used that sure delicate touch that he handles so well. The modelling on the face is perfect—but done with close and subtle values, albeit with great simplicity. A great feeling of satisfaction is the result of studying this miniature. It shows well one type of Fraser’s technique. The pigment is so lightly and transparently laid on that complete mastery of the medium is obvious.

No. 305 of the Fraser Gallery “Mrs. Laborde, 1838,” has as fresh a glow as the day it was painted. The clear bright colour of the complexion, the dark hair and eyes, the severe line of the deep purple dress against the white shoulders, the quiet grey background, the simple arrangement of the necklace, make a notable composition combined with the decision that shows behind her youth. The story goes that when she was very young her parents disapproved so highly of her wish to marry the man

of her choice, that they confined her to her room. Escaping one day she returned with the remark: "Now you can't lock me up any more; I am Mrs. Laborde!" As positive and direct as her methods, is the technique and colour of the miniature.

Another young man, but of an earlier date, is shown in No. 65 of the Fraser Gallery, painted as early as 1803, when Fraser was twenty-one years old, and his subject, John Julius Pringle, Jun., was nineteen with a countenance very pleasant to contemplate. Dark brown eyes and hair, black eyebrows, a clear ruddy skin, a short nose, and a wide mouth, make a very cheerful, friendly whole. The rest of the colour is quiet. A black coat, grey vest, a white stock and frill hold the note against a light, cloudy blue sky. It is painted with an open touch casual yet positive—young Fraser enjoying his painting, young Pringle enjoying being painted. The latter was married in 1806, at Thorpe Place, Middlesex, England, to Mary Izard, a great beauty, one of the daughters of Ralph Izard of Fair Spring, noted in the Revolutionary period.

Fraser painted also, five miniatures of the elder John Julius Pringle—his father,—who died in 1843 full of years and honours, and one, after a portrait, of his grandfather Judge Robert Pringle, who came out from Scotland in 1730, later taking an active part in the resistance in South Carolina to the Stamp Act.

But a long and active life was denied to the young Pringle of this miniature; his star was not long above the horizon, for he died very shortly after his marriage. Many years later his rich and handsome widow married Joel R. Poinsett, Secretary of War under Van Buren.

There another story begins, for Poinsett's life had been a series of picturesque adventures. Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, in her "Charleston, the Place and the People", gives a vivid account of him: . . . "a delicate man, who by sheer force of intelligence and will did whatever he wished. He said of himself . . . that despite the doctors he had managed comfortably with only one lung, for over sixty years!" "He travelled over all Europe, was received at many of the Courts, gained the friendship and confidence of the Czar Alexander, and slept in the huts of the wild Khans of the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea . . . he was sent on missions to South America, and to Mexico, in the most stormy times of their stormy history. In Chili he commanded an insurgent Army, and rescued seven American sailors under sentence of death to the Peruvians . . . a small, plain man, with every disadvantage of face and figure, he was the most delightful of hosts and best of raconteurs. A conversation led by him never flagged; he could always induce each guest to speak of



CLEVELAND KINLOCH HUGER
MASTER O'BRIEN MCPHERSON
MRS. HENRY BROUGHTON MAZYCK



MASTER O'BRIEN MCPHERSON
HENRY BROUGHTON MAZYCK



MINIATURES BY CHARLES FRASER



LAWRENCE EDMONSTON
JOHN JULIUS PRINGLE



MRS. LABORDE
GENERAL JOHN RUTLEDGE



that of which he spoke best, never allowed any one to prose, and when he took the parole himself avoided with wonderful tact the part of hero of his own stories." In the Fraser Gallery No. 46, is listed a miniature of Poinsett.

But after showing the miniatures of the child, the lad, the youth, and the young man of nineteen, the next on our list are a young bridegroom and his bride,—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Broughton Mazyck, neither of them yet twenty-one years of age. They both came from the Huguenot group of South Carolina, she having been born Gaillard. The miniatures are No. 199 and No. 200 in the Fraser Gallery, and were painted in 1826. They are quite dissimilar; the one of Mr. Mazyck is small and set in a locket, hers in a red leather case, which is, of course, quite natural, for fashion urged the lady to wear one of him, but he would want to keep hers locked up in a drawer with her letters. That is the way it was apt to be done in those days. Her round, fresh young face is crowned with coils of dark hair, held by a tortoise-shell comb, her lavender dress has a lace-edged kerchief, and pearl earrings complete her adornments. The miniature is signed "C.F." at the lower right edge. It is painted with an open touch. In the miniature of Mr. Mazyck the touch is closer and finer. He has a fair complexion and brown hair, and his hazel eyes look out from under well-marked black brows. His coat is dark blue.

The miniature of Gen'l. John Rutledge shows an older man and a marked personality. It was painted by Fraser from memory, and must have been considered good, for the family own a duplicate—Nos. 35 and 42 of the Fraser Gallery. In fact Fraser called upon his memory successfully in several cases, as for instance, No. 224 of the Fraser Gallery—"Daniel O'Hara, from memory, two years after death", and No. 288, of Henry Gibbes Garden, a little boy who had died. Gen'l. John Rutledge was the son of Dictator John Rutledge, so well known a figure in the Revolutionary history of his State,—when for two years of stress and strife he carried the government practically by himself.

Another man of about the same age but a widely different calling was the Rev. Alexander Glennie. His miniature was painted March, 1835, and is in the Fraser Gallery as No. 277. His name brings to mind that great rice-planting section of South Carolina—the Waccamaw River. Here, among other large and prosperous plantations was "Hagley", belonging to Mr. F. M. Weston, and hither in 1827 came Mr. Glennie, from England, to hold the position of tutor. Ten years later he was ordained and became rector of All Saints, Waccamaw, and of Prince George, Winyah. "Dear, saintly Mr. Glennie" as Mrs. Pringle in her

"Chronicles of Chicora Wood" calls him, when she speaks of her father and mother going "in a boat to All Saints Church, seven miles away on the Waccamaw". That meant in a row-boat, through creeks, canals, and down broad rivers, passing rice-field after rice-field, with their settlements, their mills, and their barns; great, scattered parishes, filled with earnest God-fearing, God-loving people, both white and black. In those days Church-going was an effort from the heart.

From the same part of the country came Mrs. John La Bruce, of Oak Hill, on the Waccamaw River,—born Martha Pawley, both names being identified with that section. The miniature of her was painted in 1828, and is signed on the back C. Fraser. It shows us an old lady in ruffled lace cap and frills, against a clear grey background. Her fresh complexion and brown hair and eyes complete the description of the miniature, but as you look at it, the glow and sparkle of her eyes catch you, arrest you,—you are face to face with a personality.

No. 229 of the Fraser Gallery is of Mrs. Elnathan Haskell, painted in 1838, a miniature of an old lady of a very different type. Here we find a pale complexion and firm modelling without undue stress—strong features with an expression all reserve; a most interesting countenance. She was Charlotte Thomson before her marriage, the daughter of Col. Wm. Thomson, of South Carolina, whose career during the Revolution was a very stirring one, and she married Major Elnathan Haskell of the Continental Line of Massachusetts, who settled in South Carolina after the war was over. Their descendants played an equally fine part in the Confederate Army, and later when the tribulations of Reconstruction called for the best abilities of South Carolinians.

Fraser's portraiture of old age is shown very finely also in the miniature of Judge Thomas Waties. The slightly ruddy face with iron-grey hair and eye-brows is bent a little forward as the old man listens and ponders. The quiet grey background, the black coat and white stock fall into place, and all attention centers on the man. He had an interesting history. He was only sixteen when the Revolution broke out, but the military spirit was strong in him. He was invited to join Commodore Gillon but the vessel on which he sailed was captured and he was carried to England. He passed thence to France where Dr. Franklin aided and befriended him. In 1780 he was again in South Carolina, serving as Captain under General Francis Marion. When the wasted State settled down to peace, Mr. Waties studied law and rose to great eminence, as O'Neill says, in his "Bench and Bar". At the early age of twenty-nine he was an Associate Judge. He became a Judge of the Court of Equity, and

later was assigned to the Circuit as a law Judge. He died in 1828, having been thirty-nine years on the Bench. O'Neill continues: "Judge Waites was one of those men who, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, won upon the hearts of all men. He was a most distinguished Judge; he loved the right, and sought to do right, independent of technical rules." His first Court was in 1789 when he delivered a most beautiful and impressive charge. After seeing the miniature, what can be said of the man brings no surprise.

The miniature is signed "C.F. 1820" and was shown in the Fraser Gallery as No. 259. The inscription on the back says "painted by Charles Fraser March, 1820, and presented as a mark of his respect to Judge Waites" (Sic). It was painted two years after Fraser began his professional career as an artist, for from 1807 until 1818 he had practiced Law turning as soon as his fortunes allowed to his great passion—painting.

The first miniature painted professionally was of Nathaniel Russell and is so listed in the Fraser Gallery. It was painted in duplicate. It is heavier and coarser in the brushwork than that of Judge Waites, but is very forceful. The silver-grey hair and shaggy grey eyebrows, the fresh complexion and brownish background are treated very simply and boldly. Mr. Russell, a son of Joseph Russell, Chief Justice of Rhode Island, came soon after 1800 to Charleston, where he had a long and successful business career. In that city he built a very beautiful house noted for its three oval rooms, its hanging staircase, and other very interesting points. Fraser gives Mr. Russell a touch of the rugged in his features but his house shows that the man who built it had a love of the graceful and beautiful.

Fraser's sketch book closes with some pencil sketches full of character and done with an unhesitating touch. From his boyish efforts he had travelled far.

After studying the two hundred miniatures by him shown in February, 1934, in the Gibbes Gallery in Charleston, one is struck by two outstanding facts in his portraiture,—one mental, the other technical.

He made no effort to paint abstractions, he made no effort to produce dramatic effects. He painted with the fervor of an artist and the pleasure of a friend. His sincerities are his subtleties. The faces in the miniatures look up with thoughtful, pleasant eyes. One has a sudden feeling of the simplicity of human relations—there is no pretence about it, no exaggeration. Through all the troubles and responsibilities of that period between the two great wars, a certain sanity, a certain tolerance, a quality of quiet endurance, seem to be dominant in the artist and in his subject.

Fraser's technical qualities are of the same order. He is master of his medium, but he does not force it. His sense of colour is keen but restrained. His style changes from that of his early days when he was much under the influence of Malbone, to the broad simple method of his maturity which is sometimes heavy and coarse in touch, but is, when he wishes it to be so, delicate and almost intangible at times,—though still convincing. This variety cannot, perhaps, be shown fully by the few examples here reproduced, but they may give an indication of it.

Charles Fraser when he had passed his seventieth year began his Reminiscences thus: "Man, as he advances in life, becomes less and less identified with surrounding associations. As he begins to have a glimpse of the limit of his journey, his thoughts revert to the checkered scenes through which he has passed—which, if pleasant, refresh and enliven his memory; and if otherwise, console him with the thought that they have been already encountered, and can no longer annoy him. In this retrospect, circumstances, whether of danger, trial or happiness, are regarded alike; not with indifference but with that feeling of security which nothing but a triumph over past vicissitudes could produce. Hence, the weary pilgrim of life lingers over the memory of the past and is so far selfish in his enjoyment, that he neither expects nor receives the sympathy of those around him. If distance lends enchantment to the uncertain future of youth, objects beheld through the vistas of the past, by a wise provision of nature lose but little of their former freshness . . . as if to draw the mind off from the cares and ills and infelicities that press upon it."

When three or four years later, in 1857, three hundred and thirteen of his miniatures were gathered into the exhibition called "The Fraser Gallery", these thoughts must have had full play, and as Charles Fraser looked at the faces which for over fifty years his brush had brought into such a goodly company, he must, indeed, have felt again the rush and flow of his times—in the terms of a fine philosophy and a great sincerity in his work.

RECENTLY RECOVERED MINIATURES

BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

BY FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

Westport, Connecticut

The miniatures by John Singleton Copley painted in this country date from about 1755 to 1770, at which date his success as a portrait



JOHN HANCOCK
LORD ABERCROMBIE

THOMAS HANCOCK
DR. THOMAS KAST

EBENEZER HANCOCK
UNIDENTIFIED MAN

MINIATURES BY JOHN SINGLETON COBLEY



painter in oils probably left no time for the painstaking and laborious task of working on ivory. Practically all of his diminutive likenesses in this medium must have been made in his Boston studio or in the immediate environs of that city and the portraits are of both Royalists and figures prominent in the American revolutionary army and government, as they were all executed while the country was yet a British colony.

The miniature representing Dr. Thomas Kast, the physician sent by the Provisional Governor to attend Major Pitcairn after the Battle of Bunker Hill, engraved on the back, "T. K. 1769 to --- 1869" was evidently painted at the earlier date and presented to some descendant just one hundred years later. It is one of the last of the artist's ivories painted in this country. Picturing the sitter at nineteen, like most of the other ivories from his hand which have reappeared it is considerably faded. Originally the hair was light brown, eyes blue, complexion fair, lips pink and the background brownish gray.

Another Loyalist sitter was James, Lord Abercrombie, 1706-1781, commander-in-chief of the British and Colonial forces in America 1757-1758, who came to this country in 1756, was in personal command at the Battle of Ticonderoga and because of his defeat there was displaced in 1759, returning to England at that date from Boston. This miniature picturing him in civilian costume and with very dispirited expression must have been painted immediately prior to his departure. The ivory has been cared for rather well and is but little faded. He has light brown hair, light blue eyes, delicately tinted complexion and wears a blue coat. The background is a light neutral gray green.

The miniature of John Hancock, 1737-1793, preserves the youthful appearance of one of the most prominent American revolutionary figures, President of the Continental Congress, Signer of the Declaration and Governor of Massachusetts. It was probably not painted later than 1767, when the sitter was thirty years old. It pictures him turned to his left (the observer's right) facing three-quarters to the front, looking toward the spectator. Hair is very light brown, powdered, and tied with a black bow in a queue at the back; eyes light brown and complexion very slightly tinted. He wears a soft brick red coat with small white dots, white stock and lace frill. The background is of a neutral light gray, dark at the left and almost white at the right of the ivory. As the miniature is somewhat faded the bluish tone of the shadows in and about the face are quite noticeable.

The companion miniature picturing John Hancock's brother, Ebenezer, which was presumably painted at the same time is a trifle less faded.

The sitter is turned here to his right (the observer's left), facing three-quarters to the front, looking to the left. His hair is powdered, eyes hazel and complexion very lightly tinted, the dark of his beard noticeable about his chin and lips. His hair is tied in a queue with a blue bow and he wears a soft blue coat, white stock, tie and lace frill. The background is a neutral light gray, darker at the left of the ivory. The bluish tone of the shadows in the face are barely noticeable because of a very slight fading. The back of the little gold locket is engraved in old script, "E. H."

The Thomas Hancock, 1703-1764, represents a prominent Colonial merchant of Boston, the uncle and foster father of John and Ebenezer Hancock, who founded a Professorship at Harvard University. It is the smallest ivory by Copley that has come to my attention and is an admirable example of his characteristic style, though somewhat faded as are most of the others. The background is in a neutral black, worked in a very fine stipple. He has light gray hair, dark eyes and fair complexion and wears a blue coat and white waistcoat. Sewn on a black velvet ribbon it has unquestionably been much worn as a bracelet, which accounts for the fading.

Mrs. Horace Soule's Unidentified Gentleman, exhibited at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is one of the artist's most attractive miniatures. It is set in a plain gold locket with a pin at the back and was probably worn as a brooch. The sitter is pictured turned to his left, facing front, his eyes to the spectator. His hair is powdered, eyes dark and complexion fair. His costume consists of a red coat and waistcoat, white stock and lace frill. The background is of a grayish tone, lighter at the right side of the ivory.

Copley's backgrounds in his ivories generally reveal a microscopic hatching or stippling. His shading in men's coats in soft reds and blues is commonly put in with black and the shading in the faces he did habitually with blue which the fading of numerous examples reveals unmistakably. His ivories in my estimation are more artistic and technically considerably finer than Willson Peale's who was the only miniaturist of the Colonial period who worked in so small a scale. Though there are a number of diminutive ivories attributed to Henry Benbridge, there is no actual proof that he painted any of them. Henry Pelham, Copley's half brother who profited from his teaching, made miniatures quite as beautiful but somewhat larger and more brilliant in coloring. Copley's coloring is delicately adjusted to its purpose of illuminating the likeness, and in the background to providing a satisfactory relief to the head, which he usually placed in almost the exact center of the upper half of the oval. In the William Shearer Miller the head is unusually large and much to the left of the center but this is certainly altogether exceptional for the artist.



FIG. 1. DURER: BUST PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN
Collection of Mr. Jules Bache, New York